Here begynneth a lytell geste how the plowman lerned his pater noster.

Somtyme in Fraunce dwelled a plowman
Whyche was myghty bolde & stronge
Good [illegible] wyde in husbondry
And [illegible] wynne full nierely
He [illegible] sowe & holde a plowe
Bothe dyke hedge and dytche a cowe
Thresshe fanne & selle a fwyne
In euery season and in tyme
To mowe and repe bothe grasse & cozne
A better labourer was neuer bozne
He coude go to plowe with oxe & hozs
Ruthwhiche it were he dyde not fozs
Of shape the wolle of foz to shere

His better was founde no where
Sothype hempe he coude to sloute his shone
And set gese a brode in season of the mone
Of fruyte he grafted many a tre
Fell wode and make it as it sholde be
He coude theche a hous & daube a wall
With all thynge that to husbondry dyde fall
By these to ryches he was brought
That golde ne syluer he lacked nought
His hall rofe was full of bakon flytches
The chambre charged was with wyches
Full of egges butter & chese
When y were hungry for to ease
To make good ale malte had he plentye
And martylmas beke to hym was not deyntye
Onyons & garlyke had he Inowe
And good creme & mylke of the cowe
Thus by his labour ryche was he in dede
Now to the mater wyll I procede
Grete good he gate & lyued yeres fourty
Yet coude he neyther pater noster nor aue
In lenten tyme y parsone dyde hym shryue
He sayd syr canst thou thy byleue
The plowman sayd vnto the preste
Syr I byleue in Jhesu cryste
Whiche suffred deth and harowed hell
As I haue herde myne olders tell
The parsone sayd man late me here
The saye deuotely thy pater noster
That thou in it no worde do lacke
Than sayd the plowman what thynge is that

Whiche ye delyre to here so sore
I herde neuer the rok before
The preest sayd to lerne it thou arte bounde
Or elles thou lyuest as an hounde
Without it/saued canst thou not be
Nor neuer haue syght of the deyte
From chyrche to be banysshed aye
All they .þ can not theyr pater noster saye
Therfore I mervayll ryght gretly
That thy byleue was neuer taught the
I charge the vpon payne of deedly synne
Lerne it/heuen yf thou wylte wynne
I wolde thrysshe sayd the plowman yeres ten
Rather than I it wolde leren
I praye the syr perlone my counseyll kepe
Ten wethers wyll I gyue þ of my best shepe
And thou shalte haue in the same stounde
Fourty shelynges in grotes rounde
So ye me shewe how I may heuen reche
Well sayd the preest I shall the teche
Yf thou do by my counsell
To heuen shalte thou come ryght well
The husbonde sayd yf ye wyll so
What euer ye bydde me it shall be do
Well sayd þ perlone syth thou haste graunt
Truly to kepe this couenaunt
To do as I shall warne the shortly .
Marke well the wordes that I saye to the
Thou knowest that of corne is grete skarsnesse
Wherby many for hungre dye doubtlesse
y cause they lacke theyr dayly brede

Hondredes this yere I haue sene dede
And thou haste grete plentye of whete
Whiche men for moneye now can not gete
And yf thou wylte do after me
Fourty poore men I shall sende the
And to eche of them gyue more or lasse
Or they awaye fro the passe
I shall the double for thy whete paye
Se thou bere truly theyr names awaye
And yf thou shewe them all and some
Ryght in order as they do come
Who is serued fyrst & who laste of all
In fayth sayd the plowman so I shall
Go whan ye wyll and sende them hyder
Fayne wolde I se that company togyder
The parsone wente to fetche the route
And gadred poore people all aboute
To the plowmans hous forth he wente
The husbonde man was well contente
By cause the parsone was theyr surety
That made his herte moche mere mery
The preest sayd se here thy men echone
Serue them lyghtly that they were gone
The husbonde man sayd to hym agayne
The lenger they tary the more is my payne
Fyrst wente pater feble/lene & olde
All his clothes for hunger had he solde
Two bussheles of whete gate he there
Uneth forage myght he it bere
Than came noster ragged in araye
He had his backe burden and so wente his waye

Two pekes were gyuen to qui es in celis
No wonder yf he halted, for kybed were his helys
Than came sanctificetur and nomen tuū
Of whete amonge them they gate an hole tunne
How moche was therin I can not saye
They two laded a carte & wente theyr waye
In ordre folowed them other thre
Adueniat regnū tuū that was deed nye
They thought to longe ỳ they abode
Yet eche of them had an hors lode
The plowman cryed syrs come a waye
Than went Fiat volūtas tua/sicut in celo & in terra
Some blere eyed and some lame with botell & bagge
To couer theyr arses they had not an hole ragge
Aboute ten bullhelles they had them amonge
And in the waye homewarde full merely they songe
Than came Panē nostrū cotidianū da nobis hodie
Amonge them fyue they had but one peny
That was gyuen them for goddes sake
They sayd therwith that they wolde merry make
Eche had two bullhelles of whete ỳ was gode
They songe goynge homewarde a gest of robyn hode
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra came than
The one sonburned another blacke as a pan
They prealed in the hope of corne to fynde
No wonder yf they fell for they were all blynde
Eche of them an hole quartre they had
And streyght to the ale hous they it lad
Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris
Came in anone & dyde not mys
They had ten bullhelles withouten fayle

And layde hyue to pledge for a kylderkyn of ale
Than came Et ne nos inducas in temptationē
Amonge them all they had quarters ten
Theyr brede was baken in a tankarde
And the relydue they played at the halarde
By and by came Sed libera nos a malo
He was so wery he myght not go
Also Amen came rennynge in anone
He cryed out spede me that I were gone
He was patched tozne & all to rente
It semed by his langage ꝑ he was bozne in kente
The plowman serued them euerychone
And was full gladde whan they were gone
But whan he sawe of cozne he had no moze
He wyshed them at the deuyll therfoze
So longe had he meten his cozne and whete
That all his body was in a swete
Than vnto his hous dyde he go
His herte was full of payne & wo
To kepe theyr names and shewe them ryght
That he rested but lytelly nyght
Euer he patred on theyr names faste
That he had them in odze at the laste
Than on the mozowe he wente to the parsone
And sayd syr foz nioneye am I come
My cozne I delyuered by the counseyll of the
Remembze thy pzomes thou arte theyr suretye
The pzeest sayd theyr names thou must me shewe
The plowman rehersed them on a rewe
How they were called he kepte in mynde
He sayd that amen came all behynde

The pārsone layd man be gladde this daye
Thy pater noster now canst thou saye
The plowman sayde gyue me my monaye
The preest layd I owe none to the to paye
Thoughe thou dyde thy corne to poore men gyue
Thou mayst me blysse whyle thou doost lyue
For by these may ye paye crystes his rente
And serue ꝑ lorde omnipotente
Is this the answere he layd ꝑ I haue shall
I shall sommon the afore the offycyall
So to the courte wente they bothe in dede
Not best of all dyde the plowman spede
Unto the offycyall the parsone tolde all
How it bytwene them two dyde fall
And of this pater noster lernynge
Many to his wordes gaue herkenynge
They langhed & made sporte I nowe
The plowman for angre bended his browe
And layd this poore men haue away all my corne
And for my labour the parsone dothe me skorne
The offycyall praysed gretly the parsone
And layd ryght well that he had done
He layd plowman it is shame to the
To accuse this gentylman before me
He badde hym go home fole as he was
And aske god mercy for his trespas
The plowman thought euer on his whete
And layd agayne I shall it neuer gete
Than he wente and to his wyfe layd
How that the parsone had hym betrayde
And layd whyle that I lyue certayne

Preest shall I neuer trusse agayne
Thus for his cosne that begaus there
His pater nosser dyde he lere
And after longe he lyued withouten stryfe
Tyll he wente from his mortall lyfe
The persone dyscessed after allo
Theyr soules I truste to heuen dyde go
Unto the whiche he vs bryngе
That in heuen reygneth eternall kynge.